

To Be Cared For

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by [mutualdisorder](#)

Summary

Will is rescued from an illegal Omega trading ring and turned over to Doctor Hannibal Lecter to monitor his care. Hannibal invites Will into his home to work through his upcoming heat.

Notes

A huge thank you to Stef (@indigocarnation) for beta-ing this for me!! My first omegaverse fic!

“He fucking bit me. He’s a problem.” The phlebotomist scowled, clutching her arm gingerly.

Doctor Hannibal Lecter said nothing, before striding into the patient room. He briefly regarded his patient before looking over the file. The doctor specialized in severely troubled Omegas and had often been called to consult on cases with the FBI. An agent stood at the door just in case the Omega were to break free of his restraints.

The doctor read over the patient’s file, taking in the story of the man handcuffed to a gurney. The scent of the Omega permeated the room. Dr. Lecter, an Alpha, worked to suppress his urges.

Will Graham had been rescued from an illegal practice only days prior. An Omega trading ring had been busted, ran by an obscenely rich man, Mason Verger. Of course, Verger had managed to escape any real punishment.

When the bust had occurred, Will Graham had been nude, spare a crude sign that read *‘Virgin, purebred MALE OMEGA.’* Since his rescue, Will had spoken few words and had refused any touch, often responding with bites and kicks. As a result, no medical care had been provided in the two days since his rescue. The man appeared to have been missing for three months.

The issue, though, was Will’s heat. It was due to arrive any day now, and any suppressants administered so soon beforehand would be useless. Hannibal didn’t need the file to tell him this, as the Omega’s pheromones were intoxicating even now. While in captivity, it was noted that Will’s heats were intense, and the Omega often became violent and even suicidal. Hannibal was told to analyze Will’s sexual health for any cause for their severity.

Hannibal stepped closer to Will, whose chest rose and fell rapidly. Will watched him with wide eyes.

Out of curiosity, Hannibal extended a solitary finger to touch Will’s slightly parted lips. Will quickly responded with a bite, his Omegan fangs sinking in deep. Blood welled out of the broken skin, and Hannibal couldn’t suppress a satisfied smile.

Will’s eyes widened further when he saw that the doctor didn’t flinch away from his violence.

Hannibal diverted his attention to Will’s body.

“No!” Will cried hoarsely when Hannibal began to unbuckle his belt.

Hannibal ignored his pleas, telling himself that he would not touch the Omega any more than was needed. He was clearly traumatized enough.

Once Will was undressed from the waist down, with careful consideration to the restraints around his ankles, Hannibal took in what he saw. He could see no damage to the Omega’s genitals. Will’s shallow breathing was audible in the quiet room.

“I’m not going to touch you,” Hannibal assured, even though it would be much easier to perform a full examination. Will’s breathing hardly slowed.

Hannibal frowned. There could be potential internal damage. He noted that a transvaginal ultrasound may be necessary. He felt a pang of sympathy for the Omega.

When Hannibal lifted Will’s shirt, he was taken aback. A long scar cut across his lower abdomen.

“What is this?” Hannibal barked at the agent, not taking his eyes off the scar. It looked surgical. Will tensed, trying to squirm away. He struggled against his restraints.

“He’s had his uterus and ovaries removed by Verger,” the agent responded shakily.

“Why was this not noted in his file?” Hannibal scolded.

“I don’t know, sir,” the agent said.

Hannibal sighed and looked back at the scar. It looked to be only two months old. This would most likely be Will’s third heat without his internal reproductive organs.

“It’s a hormonal imbalance, coupled with severe stress and trauma,” Hannibal said. He didn’t need to write it down—he would remember this Omega. “I’m going to prescribe hormone therapy alongside placement in a stress-reduced home.”

“There were a lot of Omegas rescued from the ring. I don’t think we have enough beds,” the agent said. “We were going to give most of them their medications and psychotherapy before letting them back into the world.”

Hannibal frowned. He knew that many of the rescued Omegas would need more intensive care. Not all of them were as relatively untouched as Will, given the circumstances. Some of them had been in captivity for years, traded between many buyers.

“I have an extra bed. I’ll take him home with me and monitor his recovery. His heat is coming soon,” Hannibal said, speaking to the agent but not breaking eye contact with Will. The Omega’s pheromones were mixed with the unmistakable scent of fear. It was a nauseating combination.

The agent, still by the door, shrugged. “I’ll clear it with Crawford. I’m sure it’ll be fine. Notify us with any significant updates in his health and recovery.”

“Of course,” Hannibal said absentmindedly. Will had shut his eyes by now, letting Hannibal redress him. Hannibal could feel relief washing over the Omega as he was better covered.

The car ride was silent. Will sat in the backseat, handcuffed, as per the FBI’s request. Covering his mouth was a bite mask, preventing him from attacking again in his preferred manner. His shallow breaths fogged the clear material and distorted his features. Above the mask, Will’s wild blue eyes shone.

There was a quick stop at a local pharmacy to pick up Will's newly prescribed hormone therapy, and then Hannibal drove home.

Once Hannibal pulled into his driveway, he turned back to Will, who regarded him with fear. Hannibal could tell that Will didn't trust him and expected Hannibal to take advantage of him at the first chance.

"Look at me, Will," Hannibal brought the Omega's attention to his eyes. "If you want to escape your handcuffs, dislocate your thumb. It will hurt, but you will be freed. I have no intention to keep you restrained at any time after this, but please keep this in mind."

For the first time, Will's gaze softened. "No one has said my name in a long time."

Only moments after walking through the front door, Hannibal uncuffed Will and moved to stand behind him. Will made to turn around.

"Stay still," Hannibal said softly, reaching towards the straps holding Will's mask to his face. He could see Will's pulse thrumming in his neck as he undid them. Will stepped away as soon as Hannibal pulled the mask from his face—careful to avoid an instinctual bite.

Hannibal let Will wander freely about the house while he made him a nest. He figured that, by letting Will explore his space, the Omega would feel safer. Of course, there was a risk that the Omega would run. Hannibal left it up to fate. He was pleasantly surprised when he found Will examining his kitchen knives.

"Will," Hannibal caught the Omega's attention. Will's head jerked upwards as he regarded Hannibal, knife in hand. Hannibal made no attempt to get Will to drop the knife. "Your bed has been made. Follow me, if you'd like."

Will followed, still holding the knife. Hannibal didn't mind—if it really came to it, he could subdue him.

Hannibal led him to his own room, where he had set up a nest of pillows and blankets for Will.

"You're welcome to come and go as you please. Your heat is imminent, as you must be aware. I would like you to be safe during this time," Hannibal explained, not touching Will, even though they were so close.

Hannibal accidentally brushed against Will as he gestured to the room, explaining where the bathroom was. He felt the knife slash through his clothes and against his skin as Will retaliated.

Hannibal suppressed a growl when he saw the fearful expression on Will's face. He composed himself and took a breath before addressing the Omega, who was clearly disturbed by the repeated lack of response to pain.

“It’s okay, Will,” Hannibal assured, staying close to Will. He could see Will’s nose twitching, scenting blood.

Hannibal left the room, leaving the door unlocked, and went down the stairs to make Will dinner. The Omega was thin, clearly lacking in vital nutrients. Hannibal would make the best dish he could, containing the most vitamins he could add. Hannibal made a note to buy additional vitamin supplements. He decided to wait to administer the hormone therapy until tomorrow, once Will was settled.

He brought Will dinner. Hannibal was pleased to see Will sitting on the bed, close to the nest. He could smell his pheromones intensifying. Will’s heat would most likely come tomorrow.

Hannibal placed the tray of comforting, nutritious food at the end of the bed. He met Will’s eyes and spoke to him. “The door is unlocked, and you can leave at any time. If you leave, I will not follow you and will make no plans to do so. You can make an attempt on my life and still, I will not follow you. I have no intent to harm you. You are severely deficient in many nutrients and have a hormone imbalance. I can help you, if you let me.”

Will’s body stayed tense despite the reassurance. Hannibal left the room and didn’t look back, leaving the decision to eat up to Will.

The next morning, Hannibal was woken from his sleep in the guest room by the overwhelming scent, and Hannibal made his way to the bathroom.

He quickly masturbated, trying to rid himself of his urges that he’d kept down for so long. A primal part of him needed to fuck the Omega, mate with him and claim him as his own. The rest of him knew that attempting any physical contact with the Omega would be unwise.

Will was awake when Hannibal entered the room. The Omega was buried under blankets in his nest, his eyes screwed shut as he let out a low, barely audible moan.

Hannibal could smell Will’s arousal leaking out of him. He moved closer with caution, dizzy with his own arousal. Will weakly raised his head to acknowledge him, and when he did, he twisted away from him, regarding Hannibal with daggers in his eyes. A low hiss sounded in his throat.

Now that Will was more exposed, Hannibal could see that Will’s slick had soaked through both his briefs and his pants. The sheets were wet.

“Will,” Hannibal said softly as he stepped closer, “I can change the sheets, and I have plenty of clothes for you.”

Will bit Hannibal’s outstretched hand again, his small Omegan fangs sinking into flesh. Hannibal didn’t retract his hand and rather regarded Will warmly. It took every ounce of strength not to touch Will, who was so close and so desperate. The Omega’s eyes dilated as he took in Hannibal’s scent, and he pulled away.

“I’m not going to hurt you,” Hannibal reassured.

“O-okay,” Will said, his voice hoarse from disuse. He cautiously got off the bed, maintaining his distance from Hannibal as the sheets were stripped off the bed. He didn’t take off his clothes.

In a matter of minutes, the bed was remade, as well as the nest. Will climbed back into it easily.

Hannibal hesitated at the door. The best thing for an Omega would be to be fed by hand, held close. But there was no way Will would allow that now. He left the Omega with a plate of food, clean clothes, and an extra blanket.

Will’s heat continued as the days went by, showing no signs of fading. The scent permeated the house, and Hannibal could hardly sleep. All of his energy went to caring for Will and fending off his own rut, which threatened to start every time he caught Will’s scent.

Hannibal noticed that Will refused to masturbate at first, clearly uncomfortable with his own body. But over the days, Will had become less anxious. He would shower and eat his food willingly. He would take his hormone therapy. Hannibal could smell him masturbating when he was alone, seeking relief that he could only try to grant himself. Hannibal could hear small whimpers coming from his bedroom.

On the third day, he let Hannibal brush the hair out of his eyes and let him caress his shoulder for a few seconds. On the fourth day, Will had begun allowing Hannibal to clean the slick from between his legs. He would cautiously spread his legs and let Hannibal run a warm, wet towel over the folds of his pussy, never into his hole.

This task took a lot out of Hannibal, who would spend the next few hours masturbating and refocusing to escape his rut. Being so close to Will’s pussy made him feel like he’d never felt before. Even as a doctor specializing in Omegas, Hannibal had never felt so much need in his life. Surely Will could sense it.

As the days went by, Will had begun to speak more, talking in short sentences. He would cautiously thank Hannibal, and even ask for more food, which Hannibal always gracefully provided. A few times, Hannibal was allowed to sit with the Omega in silence as he ate.

It was the seventh day when Hannibal was woken from his sleep. He smelled Will before he saw him.

Will prodded him with the handle of the knife. Hannibal suppressed his surprise. “Will?”

“I want you to have sex with me,” Will whispered, though the whisper was loud.

As Hannibal’s eyes adjusted to the dark, he could see that Will was naked. Dim light reflected off of the slick streaming down his thighs.

“Will. Please think about this,” Hannibal sat up, gathering blankets over himself to cover his erection. He must keep his composure.

“I’ve thought about it. I need you,” Will pressed. With one hand he held the knife, and the other hand felt between his legs, a solitary finger rubbing against his clit. The scent of desperation wafted off of him, stronger now that he was unclothed. Hannibal stood and faced Will, not caring if the Omega saw what he was doing to him. He would be lying if he said he didn’t want Will to know.

Hannibal tentatively pressed against Will’s chest and directed him back into his room. Will allowed Hannibal to direct him, not breaking eye contact. He could see that Will’s pupils were dilated, and his breath came heavy and warm against Hannibal’s skin.

“You don’t have to do this, Will. You don’t owe me *anything*,” Hannibal offered, telling himself that he would be okay if Will backed out.

“Then do it for me! Please, please fuck me. Please,” Will begged, sitting on the bed and spreading his legs. Slick wetted the sheets. He held the knife handle between his legs, pressing and rubbing it against his clit. His hips gyrated in response.

“Please,” Will whispered, his eyes closed in pleasure. He brought the knife downwards, dragging the handle up and down between his folds and then down over his cunt. It slid easily, aided by the fluids flowing from his pussy.

Will pressed the handle inwards ever so slightly, his expression of pleasure momentarily broken by the unfamiliar shock of penetration. He whimpered in confusion and desperation.

Hannibal took Will’s hand in his own and guided the knife away from his pussy. He maneuvered the knife from the Omega’s grip, reveling in the slick fluids coating the handle. He set it on the bed, not far from his reach. Will’s pupils dilated further as he watched Hannibal move. He was so close now.

Hannibal couldn’t resist and got to his knees, settling between Will’s legs. The scent of the Omega’s heat and arousal was too much. He felt his own rut brimming beneath his well-maintained control. Hannibal had had sex with Alphas, Betas, and of course, Omegas. None of them had posed such an imminent threat to trigger his rut, not until Will.

Will laid back against the bed, with his legs hanging over the side. Hannibal tentatively connected his lips to Will’s clit. Will’s legs tried to push him away at first, shocked at the touch, then relaxed. Hannibal gripped Will’s trembling thigh with a firm hand.

Slick already coated Hannibal’s lips as he pressed closer, extending his tongue to flick against Will’s clit before dragging downward between his folds. He felt Will’s thighs tense as the Omega whimpered.

Moving back to Will’s clit, Hannibal licked around it before taking it into his mouth and sucking. He was gentle at first, but his caution devolved into desperation. He was losing control and sucked eagerly on the Omega’s swollen clit.

The added pleasure caused slick to pour out of Will, who trembled on the bed, gripping the sheets tightly. Hannibal automatically went to slide a finger inside of him but stopped when he remembered what Will had been rescued from. While he remained a virgin, the constant threat of violation had hung over him. The Omega had gone from having his organs forcibly taken from him, to being put on display as soon as he had recovered enough. His file had shown that he had been made to present himself to potential buyers, but never touched.

“Will,” Hannibal said, keeping his voice from shaking. His rut was close, coupled with anger towards the monsters who had violated Will.

When he saw Will looking at him expectantly, he was brought back to himself, and continued. “May I insert a finger inside of you?”

“Yes! Please, put it in. Please,” Will panted, spreading his legs further.

Hannibal didn’t hesitate and slid a solitary finger inside of Will’s slick pussy. Will was so wet, so warm. He moved the finger around, eliciting moans from the Omega.

“Ohhh, God, more! Alpha!” Will cried, lifting his free leg closer to his shoulder, exposing himself further.

Hannibal couldn’t resist anymore. He needed to fuck Will, to claim him. As a last attempt at control, he first inserted two more fingers. Hannibal flexed them, spreading and crooking them to open Will in preparation.

“Ah—please, please fuck me,” Will moaned, his pleas ringing through Hannibal’s ears.

Hannibal removed his soaked fingers and stripped himself of his clothes, throwing them haphazardly on the floor.

When Will saw him, tears started to brim in his eyes. He lifted his other leg, giving Hannibal a better view. “Alpha! Please!”

Hannibal’s vision was blurred, his senses focused entirely on the Omega begging and presenting for him. Will was all he could smell, all he could see. All he wanted to feel.

Will was so tight, warm, and wet. Hannibal entered him quickly, thrusting in entirely, eliciting a pleased scream from the Omega. He entered him with such force that the forgotten knife fell from the bed, clattering to the floor.

“Yes, yes, oh, God,” Will moaned.

Rut was in full force by now, and Hannibal’s control was ebbing away. He pushed Will’s thighs up further, positioning himself to fuck directly into the Omega’s pussy.

Will’s slick was intoxicating, the sweet-smelling fluid further triggering Hannibal to fuck him rougher. And so he did. His hips rabbit into Will, who received him with pleased whimpers.

Hannibal pressed his hand onto Will's chest, rubbing his thumb against the Omega's nipple, turning his whimpers into high-pitched whines. Will grabbed onto Hannibal's wrist, holding his hand in place so he could keep pleasuring him.

His other hand traveled downward, over the raised skin that made up the scar that Will fiercely protected. Will didn't seem to mind tonight, and instead arched his back into the touch, pleas falling from his lips.

Hannibal rubbed his thumb against Will's clit, making the Omega's stomach clench and his legs tremble. Will's grip on Hannibal's wrist tightened, and Hannibal was hardly aware of the bones grinding in his arm. Pain wasn't present here.

Only Will.

Will's eyes fluttered shut as he lost himself in the pleasure. His satisfaction was tangible to Hannibal, he could feel it in the way more slick gushed out of Will's pussy, he could smell it in Will's signature scent of arousal clouding his senses. Fuck, he needed this.

He thrust harder, as deep as he could go. Hannibal wanted to go further, to feel Will from the inside out. He wanted to cut him open and feel what human hands never had before. He wanted to consume him.

Hannibal bent down to rub against Will's neck scent gland, unable to suppress a moan. Will arched into the sudden closeness, a soft whine escaping his lips. Tears began to form at the corners of Will's eyes.

Before Hannibal could sink his teeth into the scent gland, Will nipped at him with his small Omegan fangs, telling him *'wait'*. Hannibal didn't want to, and God, he might not be able to. But he would wait for his Omega. He moved his lips to Will's who kissed him desperately.

Hannibal still rubbed Will's swollen clit, dipping between his folds and back up again, rubbing against the sensitive underside of it. Will panted into Hannibal's mouth, expressing his pleasure in moans and desperate pleas for *more*. Hannibal knew what he was asking for. He was feeling his knot beginning to form.

Will could feel it too. "Please! Please, *oh*, fuck me, please!"

Hannibal's knot swelled, locking him inside of Will, who clenched around him.

As Hannibal came, he sunk his teeth into Will's scent gland, eliciting a scream as the Omega was claimed. He emptied his knot inside, filling Will until it spilled back out of his pussy, adding to the wet mess on the bed.

"Ohhh, fuck, I'm yours, I'm yours," Will moaned, his eyes wild as he approached his own orgasm.

Hannibal kept thrusting while he rode out his orgasm. More slick flowed out of Will's pussy—there was so much that Will's thighs were wet, as well as Hannibal's hips.

“Oh—fuck! Alpha! Hannibal!” Will’s moans got louder, more desperate as his orgasm began to take him. Hannibal held Will as the Omega thrashed against him. One hand held Will’s hip, and the other cradled his neck.

Hannibal groaned in pained pleasure as Will left deep scratches along his back. He could feel blood running down his sides before he saw it drip onto the bed sheets.

Will had gone limp, his orgasm rendering him exhausted and satisfied. His pussy clenched weakly around Hannibal’s cock.

“Oh, Hannibal, thank you, thank you,” Will’s words were quiet and slurred together. Hannibal petted his sweat-damp hair.

Once his knot receded, Hannibal slid out of Will with a wet popping noise. Slick and cum gushed out of Will’s pussy, dripping onto the floor.

Reaching for a towel on the nightstand, Hannibal watched as Will settled himself in the nest, sighing with pleasure as he pressed against the pillows and pulled blankets around himself. Hannibal had never seen him in such peace.

Hannibal reached between Will’s legs to clean up some of the mess, but the towel was quickly soaked. Discarding it, Hannibal climbed into bed beside Will, who gracefully accepted every touch.

Hannibal held his Omega close. *His Omega*. He held Will from behind and massaged his chest until the Omega fell asleep. His heat wasn’t over, and Hannibal looked forward to exploring what it would bring in the coming days, and what would lie beyond.

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